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Stripped Guise

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Brandon Dixon

Poem #4

Stripped Guise

Look at the chameleon, changing everything
about itself—it's color, attitude, and thoughts, all to avoid
the two moaning teenagers who roll around in the sticky night
grass. It slowly retreats to avoid any threat the two interlocked bodies
may pose, turning green with envy for the lovers, which helps
it blend in and become part of the wilderness.

The boy stops his invasion of the girl's body
to ponder about what will happen when
they are done. *Will she want to date afterwards? Do I
even like her? Does it matter?*

He never swears around girls like this one, tells them
he has never looked up boobs on the internet
and “gladly” watches any movie that was originally a book
written by Nicholas Sparks. His friends
call him whipped—he doesn't know
what to call himself.

The chameleon doesn't change
colors to blend in, like most people think.

The change is a visual signal of mood
and aggression, territory and mating
behavior. It becomes something else entirely,
not because it needs to, but because it wants to.

The wind hisses in his ear and he notices
the girl is losing interest.

Reverting back to scumbag mode
to appease her, he analyzes every move she makes
and her reaction to every move he makes—optimizing
her pleasure and fading
into the background
as he does it.

Is this who I am?